



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

One Last Job

**payday2**

79 8 7

Chapter 1 by Sum1OnSteam

Outside the Benevolent Bank, the good ol' van pulled up. The whole gang, Dallas, Hoxton, Chains and Wolf came out to "greet" the local police force.

Chapter 2 by Sum1OnSteam



No one has yet to put their mask on, as such would be a fatal mistake. We walked upstairs to the rooms they had for private conversations with the employees. Once up there, we decided it was safe. We all put on our masks, knowing we would face the cruelest police force imaginable, knowing we would not all make it out, knowing it was our one last job.

Chapter 3 by LethalPianist



We had informed the police of this heist beforehand; Of course we did, or else this would be no fun. The Free-Police Act had allowed the influence of the Police run unchecked, and crime-rates have been at an all time low 1%.

This was a rallying call to all those other criminals out there; that we CAN defeat the police, that

[See more of Story Wars](#)

The next morning, I was driving to work. I was on the left side of the road, and was parking right in front of the bank. I had just parked my car, and was getting out of it when I heard a noise. I turned around, and saw a man standing behind me. He was wearing a mask, and had a knife in his hand. I was scared, and started running away. The man chased after me, and eventually caught me. He then proceeded to kill me.

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

"Go go go go!" I yelled. We jumped out of the van and dashed madly towards the bank. There was a shot as Chains went down.

"Snipers!" Wolf barked. We immediately ducked our heads as sniper fire dug into the ground around us. We darted around in erratic patterns.

"Screw this!" Dallas shouted. He swung around with his RPG, took aim, and fired.

Chapter 4 by Joe Ro



The whole world lit up, the friggin rocket missed the APC went right through the bakery window, out the back door and hit the 300 gallon propane tank that's used to fire the ovens. It took out half the block causing such chaos that we got the time to start on the safe deposit boxes while the cop's and EMS went to work on civilians, their first priorities now.

Hammer and chisel made light work of the boxes, just punching out the locks was the easy part, the hard, finding the right box, there were so many. We never did get the box number that held the stash. We had to work fast. With Chains down we were three, 2 on the boxes, one swooping up cash.

The cop's were starting to separate into two groups one working with the EMS, the others were now bent on destroying us.

Chapter 5 by Joe Ro



At the end of the street the cops were forming up. There was what looked like another APC with a boom on the front, it looked like one of those tanks the ATF used in Waco.

"Shit, this ain't gunna be good". Wolf said.

"Keep working"

"What if they start pumping gas in here, we ain't got no masks".

Masks or not we needed to find that box, and get the hell out of here.

The old addage "shit happens" is right at home here.

Then.....

There was a rumble from outside. what the hell was that now?

Tough but now we can breath again. I'm gonna go and get some more cash. I know we just two weeks before we finished off him all he needs to do now is to find the stash and blow a hole

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

in the managers floor where the tunnel should be, the GPS said we were on spot and get the frig out of here , we'll see.

Chapter 6 by Lyn



Aw shit, here comes the gas, the boom trucks are rolling up the street, then, they stop. There is litter, debris and bodies all over the place. The cop's can't negotiate a path up to here the street is too cluttered giving us the time we need.

Hoxton started to roll her eye's, like,

'What this was my idea?'

I don't know where she came from but that girl has nerves of steel, she's like the energizer rabbit, she just keeps on going.

Boxes, boxes and more boxes', hammer, pop, clink, opened... Diamonds, stock, and cash you name it, the faceless asshole's that rent these things put more crap in them then I don't know what. As for me I keep my shit in my mattress, go ahead, laugh, but who's going to look there.

By this time the floor was covered in chicken shit, grandpa's watch, coins, button's, who the Frigg would put buttons in a safe deposit box?!

Here they come!!! I can smell them, behind their bullet proof shields inch by inch, but the gas trucks are still laying back. We should put down some suppressing fire, but we're down one man. Then an idea hit's, put an RPG in to the gas truck! I roar out loud. I pick up the RPG and load a round; this is going to be great!

BOOOM!!!! The loudest noise I ever heard just blew out my ear drums and the concussion knocked me off my feet before I could even aim with the RPG, the vault was full of smoke, we were all dazed and the ringing in the ears was driving me bonkers. Bastards they'll pay for this, now the cop's are moving forward again, this time with haste.

I stagger to my feet with the RPG raised, take aim and that friggin gas truck go's up in a ball of vapor. The cop's dropped to the ground in dumb amazement as the EMS and wounded start to gag on fumes. Orders go out over the loud speakers to fall back.

Time to get the hell out of here.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

Flag as mature receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account